

NEWS OF HORSES
AND HORSEMENCharlottesville's Horse Show
Was a Big Success.

ITS EXHIBITS WERE FINE

States Marshal Morgan Treat's Sale of Red Kate—Mr. Dugger's New Home—Mr. Smith Buys Estuary.

Judged from any standpoint you please, the Charlottesville Horse Show was a credit to the management and Albemarle people have just cause to be proud of this open air affair which lasted two days, July 21st and August 1st, and was witnessed by ten thousand or more, among the flower of the Old Dominion horse blood. The horses were there in force, too, and the exhibits were of a character that shows what "Old Virginia" can produce. Hunters and jumpers were shown, while trotters, hackneys and standardbreds came in for a share of attention.

On the first day alternate rain and sunshine dampened enthusiasm, but bright skies ruled throughout the closing day, and prolonged applause frequently greeted the blue ribbon winners. Heavy going interfered with the harness classes and the uncertain footing made it difficult for the "leapers" to take the jumps in real good form, but some meritorious performances took place and gave ample evidence of what could have been expected under more favorable conditions.

Four-in-hands, pairs, tandem teams and single harness rigs formed a most creditable display and the driving in the first named of such whips as Courtland H. Smith, Clarence West, John W. Walcott and C. D. Langhorne was a feature to be remembered, as was the riding of Mrs. Allan Potts, Mrs. Robert Shaw and other ladies in the saddle class.

About the best looking team of roadsters owned at West Point, Va., is made up of a pair of bay mares, one by Wolf, MS2, the sire of Mamie D., 2:35 1-4, and the other by Suffolk Prince, son of Manchester and old Ella Madden, 2:35 3-4, one of the best known of "Humboldtian" producing daughters. The latter owned by Mr. W. T. Cox, who seems to be in most things that he undertakes, whether it is in the selection of his horses or in other directions. Prior to 1891 he first came to the attention of the public as the head of the big merchandising firm of Treat, Bland & Company, West Point, whose plant was destroyed by fire in 1895, after which he turned his attention to other things, but he has since returned to the same position in 1902 by President Roosevelt. Mr. Treat spends a good portion of his time here, but has branch offices at Norfolk and Alexandria, though he claims West Point as his home, and he is interested in the horse world there and in the counties of King William and King and Queen. The Wolf and Suffolk Prince mares are good looking and stylish, and later may form the basis of a trotting stud at the King and Queen farm of 800 acres.

W. T. Cox, Poughkeepsie, has purchased of Rev. John W. Nicholson, Grafton, the handsome bay Red Kate, by Corinthian, and will drive her on the road, for which purpose she is well fitted on account of her good looks and nice way of going. Red Kate was bred by B. W. Ford, who also bred her dam and owned her granddam, the latter being Kata Temple, by Romney, the thoroughbred son of Charles, by Revenue, Carrover, the blood-bred sire of Red Kate, and through two of their best bred sons, and that backed up by plastic thoroughbred blood, Red Kate should make a valuable brood mare when retired to the stud, as her produce by pretty much any good stallion should possess gameness and endurance.

Mr. Ned Bland, of the big merchandising firm of Ned Bland and Brothers, West Point, Va., has recently sold to Baltimore parties, for good prices, a pair of blood-bred chestnuts, one by Lexington, 2:35 1-4, and the other by Dogwood, also the speedy chestnut gelding Crescent, by Hunter Russell, the sire of Rustler, 2:35 1-4, dam Nora, by Abdallah Mambria, with imported business interest in account of her good looks and nice way of going. Mr. Bland is kept pretty well occupied, but as a good judge of form he has succeeded in picking up quite a number of green horses, and after partial development, placing them to good advantage on the northern markets.

Treasurer William Rueger, of the Deep Run Hunt Club, who is well known in that capacity, also as mine host in the Rueger Hotel, has purchased the Bland Park place of five acres, just opposite Reservoir Park, and will convert it into a choice country home. Among the horses owned by Mr. Rueger are the prize winning bay gelding St. George, 16.2, weight 1200 pounds, who has cleared the bars at six feet two inches, and was bred in account of his sire, and the two young mares, Dora Rueger, 4, and Thea Rueger, 2, both by Robert Ransom, 2:35 3-4 out of Faustina, the thoroughbred daughter of Totus, that by Kassen produced Kas and his full brother Deep Run, owned by L. C. Beattie, and winning right along over the jumps at the horse shows this season. Dora Rueger and Thea Rueger have been bred to the hackney sire, imported Young Kobbeman, and should produce something else by this premier sire of Mr. Thomas Atkinson's, at Rocklands farm, Gordonsville, Va.

William A. Walker has sold to City Sergeant James C. Smith, who will campaign for him, the five-year-old chestnut stallion Estuary, full brother to Marique, 2:14 1-4, by Expedition, 2:35 3-4, out of the great brood mare Wavelet, 2:24 1-4, by Belmont, second dam the famous Water-wheel, by Pilot, Jr. As a three-year-old Estuary worked a half at Woodburn farm, where he was bred, in 2:35, and this season, in the hands of W. L. Bass, at Ance farm, the handsome chestnut stallion came to his speed rapidly, having shown trial heats right around 2:30 and winning halves in 1:58. Not only large, well formed and attractive in appearance, Estuary is one of the best bred horses ever brought to Virginia, and when retired should make a successful sire of speed.

The black gelding Ed. Adack, 4, bred by Robert Bradley, Wilcox Wharf, Va., and formerly a member of his racing stable, recently won the Olympian stakes at Chicago; distance, 1 1-16 miles, and easily defeated the field of horses contending. He was entered to be sold for \$700, but was run up to \$1,800 and bought at that figure by G. W. Tompkins, who later sold him to J. T. Stewart, terms private. Ed. Adack was sired by Aloha, the sire of Robert Waddell, dam Emeline, by Kyrie Daly, both sire and

dam being members of Mr. Bradley's stud at Wilcox Wharf.

The bay gelding Forney, winner of the first heat of the 2:27 trot in 2:28 1-4, his present record, at Tazley, Va., on the 22nd instant, is five years old, and was bred by the Floyd Brothers, Bridgetown, Va. He was sired by Sidner Prince, son of Sidney, 2:19 3-4; dam by Jendee, a son of the noted California sire, General Barton. Forney is owned by J. C. Smith, of this city, and has been trained and driven by M. F. Hanson.

Cogswell, black colt, 4, by Jim Gray, dam Leola, by Eolus, won recently at Brighton Beach at 1 1-16 miles in 1:50, finishing 1 1-2 lengths ahead of Handicapper, with Rosignol and four others behind. Cogswell was bred in the Annulla, stud of A. D. Payne, owner of his sire and dam. The latter, Leola, is a full sister to the great brood mare Vignette, dam of Artillery and other winners, the most highly prized matron in the Annulla stud.

BROAD ROCK.

TO HONOR HIS MEMORY

Monument to be Erected Over the Grave of Rev. Mr. Parmalee.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) WOODSTOCK, VA., August 9.—Colonel William Lamb, of Norfolk, Va., representing Dr. Edward E. Hale, recently spent a short time in the neighborhood of Red Banks, endeavoring to locate the grave of Rev. Elisha W. Parmalee, who was the founder of the first Greek letter fraternity at Yale, Harvard and William and Mary Colleges, and who is said to have died in Shenandoah county and been buried near that place. It is understood to be the purpose to erect a handsome

GRIZZLY CONFEDERATE PRIVATE
LED "MARSE ROBERT" TO REAR

A Good Story, Illustrating the Affection of General Lee's Men for Him, Told by the Prince of Story-Tellers.

One of the best story tellers who "in the course of human events" visits this city is Mr. Nicholas Ruffin.

For dialect tales Mr. Ruffin ranks side by side with Mr. Polk Miller, Mr. Ruffin went through the war, and he loves now, as most old soldiers do, to tell of his experiences and the incidents that came under his quick observation during the struggle.

The other day, surrounded by a few friends, he told this story. Because he was an eye witness of the incident and because of the imitable manner of the story teller himself, the narrative possessed great charm.

Mr. Ruffin said that one day the fight had been unusually hot. It looked as if the day would be lost. General Lee, who was watching the struggle closely, naturally became very much interested. Presently Mr. Ruffin saw the General riding along towards where his company was in position. He came closer and closer, until he was very near them. Then a shell burst above the old man's iron

monument over the resting place of Rev. Mr. Parmalee, if it can be found. Whist out hunting on Friday, Samuel Richards, a young son of John H. Richards, of Alexandria, heard the rattle of a rattlesnake, and in endeavoring to escape from it, discharged his gun, the entire load passing through the middle of his left hand.

Colonel E. E. Stickley, of the Woodstock bar, attended the annual meeting of the State Bar Association at Hot Springs, Messrs. Herbert and Marion King, of Baltimore, Md., are the guests of their sister, Mrs. J. Howard Wood, of Salem, Va.

A short time with his parents, Captain and Mrs. George W. Koonitz, this week. Mr. W. H. Martin, of this place, who has received the appointment to the position of major and general manager of the Record at Leesburg, Va., has left for that place to assume charge of the paper.

Mrs. Catharine Atree, Danville, Va.; Clara Cox, Ashland, Va., and Mary Gish, Lynchburg, Va., have returned to their respective homes after being the guests of Miss Mae S. Magruder, of this place.

Fern Luncheon.

A fern luncheon is one of the prettiest manifestations of special functions for the summer, and one, too, since ferns abound everywhere, that is easiest arranged. Ferns should decorate the halls, the parlors, and the piazzas, and the table should show them in generous profusion. They may be arranged as center-piece in any room, and if they are used for shades of green, they should be white and fern-trimmed. The name cards, too, should be decorated with ferns. The ice course may simulate growing ferns. Get at the florist's tiny uncut pots of the sort in which cuttings are shipped, and fill them with ferns, and sprinkle a little grated chocolate on the top. As these are sent to the table, stick a fern branch in each and stand on a plate with ferns laid about—Harpers Bazaar.

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CAPTAIN OF THE
STEAMER SIBERIA

Commander of the Big Pacific
Liner a Remarkable Man.

SKETCH OF HIS EXPERIENCES

Suffered Hardships in the Arctic Regions That Seem to Fall to the Lot of Regular Explorers—His Ship Crushed in the Ice.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) NEWPORT NEWS, VA., Aug. 9.—Probably the most interesting individual in the city at this time is Captain W. P. S. Porter, of San Francisco. Captain Porter is chief officer of the huge Pacific Mail liner, the Steamer Siberia, which is now being completed at the plant of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and whose sister ship, the Korea, is en route to the Golden Gate via Cape Horn. To go into the trade between California and Japan and China ports.

Captain Porter, just past middle age, six feet in his stockings, with two hundred and sixty pounds to his credit in bone, sinew and muscle, does not look like a man who has spent seven of the most eventful years of his life within the Arctic circle, undergoing part of the most hardships that would have made an end to some men in short order.

With his sixty-two shipwrecked men, Captain Porter was the goal of that marvelous expedition of Lieutenant Jarvis and Dr. Call across seven hundred miles of icy Alaska, and the recovery of the dead of winter, driving five hundred reindeer on the hoof for food for the starving mariners who were playing hide-and-seek with death at Point Barrow, the most northerly land that claims the protection of the United States.

The story of the rescue is a part of history. In 1933 Captain Porter took the whaler Jessie H. Freeman, a three-hundred-ton steamer, out of San Francisco for the Pacific Steam Whaling Company. He passed on up through Bering Strait into the Arctic Ocean. During the next four years the Jessie H. Freeman was cruising about in the waters between Point Barrow and Herschel's Island, catching whales and sending the bone back to civilization as the opportunity offered, wintering, in the meantime, in the Arctic.

On September 22, 1937, as the ship was making its way back to the Straits, following the tortuous coast between the ice pack and the open sea, the ship was at a point about sixty miles southwest of Point Barrow. The vessel had made her way along the shore to a point where the pack was jammed against a projecting cape. There was an opening in the pack, however, and the steamer followed the lead, Captain Porter hoping to find an outlet; but the pack suddenly began to move and the ship was crushed like an egg-shell. There was no opportunity to get anything out of her and captain and crew were glad enough to be rescued.

Then the private in lower ranks gently turned his commander's horse about and led it toward the rear. All the while big tears were chasing each other down the cheeks of the greatest warrior this country has ever produced. The affection of his men had deeply touched him.

It is scarcely necessary to relate that the battery in question was taken just as soon as General Lee reached a place of comparative safety.

Some one asked Mr. Ruffin if General Lee would have moved if all the shells the Yankees had had burst all around him." was the reply.

On came the General as if nothing had happened, until he was within a few feet of Mr. Ruffin and the company. Then he said: "Boys, I am going to lead you, and we'll take that battery over there. Come on!" But a grizzly old soldier stepped from the ranks, hat in hand, and taking the bridle reins of General Lee's horse, said to his commander-in-chief:

"Marse Robert, this ain't no place for you. You ain't got no business up here. You go back yonder, and we'll take the battery, but we won't take it if you stay here."

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Now, this case will show what I mean. "The splendid new whaler Nevarah was caught in the pack about forty miles northwest of Point Barrow, not very far from where the Jeannette was imprisoned. Fifty-six of the crew of sixty-five abandoned the ship. Seventeen of the fifty-six reached Point Barrow. The rest were lost. The seventeen had been taken off just before we were wrecked. Nine men remained aboard the Nevarah. They argued that it was death to land and might as well stay by their provisions."

"Now, on October 8, the Nevarah had drifted northeast back of Point Barrow. In November she drifted toward the Point until she was within eighteen miles of us. We took the nine men off and started on our way. The provisions of our men when the ice ceased and the pack started off. We had taken out only a few sacks of flour."

"In December the Nevarah was sighted to the south of Point Barrow. In February she came back and was pushed by the ice pack right up on the shore within three miles of us. We wrecked her and got out all of her supplies."

"If the Nevarah had not been there, the Eskimos, I imagine, would never have gotten very far from the shore."

Captain Porter's first Arctic experience was in 1890, when he was placed in command of the Nevarah, which was then owned by the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, and sent into the Arctic for the purpose of charting the coast from Point Barrow to Banks Barren Land, a distance of about nine hundred miles by the coast. This feat was successfully performed by the Nevarah, as well as other vessels of this company's fleet, wintering at Herschel's Island and Cape Parry.

The object of the company in charting the coast was to find the best place for wintering, this corporation being the first to have its vessels spend the winter in the Arctic. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious, for it enabled the ships to take advantage of the season before snips could arrive from the outside, and it saved the expense of wintering in San Francisco and other ports.

The plan worked well and for a number of years the company had several vessels in those regions every winter. There is but one there now, the whaling industry having fallen off almost nothing since the war. The Eskimos have been invented for whole products.

As a sort of side issue, while engaged in charting the coast, Captain Porter hunted for whales, and he came out of the Arctic on this trip with a successful catch of four whales in a season, paying the expenses of a steamer and all over this is profit. The value of the catch may be imagined, particularly when it is stated that whalebone in its raw state was selling for \$3 a pound, the manufactured article going as high as \$14 and \$15.

"The first whale I caught," said Captain Porter, "was considerably above the average in size. We took 2,350 pounds of bone out of his head. The whale was sixteen inches, about the color of a peach. We did not take the oil—it does not pay now that mineral oil has come into such general use—but we could have gotten probably 120 barrels. The limit is 20 barrels, I believe."

Captain Porter is very interestingly told on the habits of these huge bow-head whales and the way in which they are killed. The whalers use dynamite and other means well known. The natives, however, employ a slower, but no less certain, method, and take them some by the head, and the end is always sure.

"They attach flints to the head of shafts," said Captain Porter, "and to the end of these shafts they tie huge inflated pork sacks. A seal is skinned and the blubber is taken out, and by speak, and converted into a sack, which is blown up until it is a huge affair, and tied to the ends of the shafts of the harpoons. Many of these harpoons are stuck into a single whale and while they are much more to the monster than themselves, the animal is worried to death. He is unable to go under the water, for the sacks are like poisons and hold him up."

"These Eskimos," continued Captain Porter, "are wonderful people. It is hard for a white man, particularly a Yankee, to understand them. They do not know what wealth is and they care nothing for it. They are, in their natural state, absolutely contented, take no thought of the morrow, and have no idea of the value of the things they will procure food one day and gorge themselves with it, but never lay by a supply for the morrow. On the morrow, and the morrow after that, if need be, they will go without food for days and even weeks, but they do not suffer from hunger. They can come nearer hibernating than any human beings I ever saw."

"THE NATIVES." "Before they have become contaminated by the white man they are kindly, good-tempered, gentle and sober. They rarely if ever fight or quarrel among themselves. Their wants are few and confined chiefly to food. Their ambitions are limited most exceedingly. They have nothing to quarrel about. The Eskimos' attitude of mind toward the qualities of the whites and few of the good qualities. They are fond of American whiskey—and who is not, eh?—and make an execrable article of their own out of flour and molasses. It is queer how even the most primitive of the human scale, manages to contrive an intoxicating drink."

"These Eskimos live on fat the year round, but they take mighty kindly to flour and other food of civilization. There is a tale told which they say the Eskimo found a white man, and he was never able to learn what it was, but I suppose they eat it as a vegetable, craving something of the sort like we white people. They have remarkable powers of endurance, being of course, used to the rigors of the cold. I do not doubt that if a white man will climate himself, he can beat them even at their own game. We always do beat the inferior races in everything when we go about it the right way. Those chaps are used to the rigors of the cold, but we got so used to it ourselves that we did not mind it, though, of course, we had to be very careful. It is the easiest thing in the world to get nipped by the cold and the next easiest thing is to freeze to death."

"PLAYED BASE-BALL." "We played base-ball up there with the Eskimos, and they were very good. I was whaling in that region I lost eight of my men. They froze to death in blizzards. A man will go out on a beautiful day, it may be only a short distance from camp. With a good wind of any kind and a sudden thought, a terrific blizzard will spring up and the man will freeze to death perhaps within a few minutes. He has an infinite desire to sit down and rest. If he does, he is gone. He simply drops into a peaceful sleep from which he never awakens. One of my men was frozen to death within a mile of camp. When we found him, he was in a sitting posture, with his arms crossed and his head bowed, a smile upon his face, looking for all the world as if he were asleep. He had just dropped off before we could straighten him enough to put him in a coffin."

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Doubling Our Piano Business Doubling Our Piano Business

that is contrived to contain something, they call a pork sack. We call it a bucket, a basket, a bag, a measure, a can—a hundred other things, but we call it a pork sack. The Eskimo what sort of vessel it is, the Eskimo call it a pork sack. They cannot count above twenty, the number of their fingers and toes—if they should happen to lose some of these members, I suppose their ability to reckon would be ruined. I might go out and kill a lot of deer, say forty. He would bring them in. I would ask him how many there were. He would hold up his hands and point to his feet, give an expressive count, and say, "twenty"—all about that was "twenty." This fellow could speak English very well, too. Those people will never breed a Morgan.

ESKIMOS ASIATIC. They crossed over on the ice one day from Siberia. Their almond eyes betray them, if not their disposition between them and the American Indian. They are to be found all around the Arctic circle, but the Eskimos of one part of the north can understand those of another part, and their dialects, shading into each other, are really divisions of them—territorially, like counties, or States.

"These people have little idea of religion. They seem to think that when they die they are going to some place where they can get all the things they want, and plenty of hunting. Their sole idea is to kill all the animals they see, whether they need them or not. They will kill and kill and gorge themselves to the limit. When they die they want to go to a place where they can do all the killing and eating they want to. But the idea is not unlike that held by the Indian about his happy hunting grounds. In olden days, they used to kill their old. When they became too ancient and crept to hunt, the men were sent by speak, and converted into a sack, which is blown up until it is a huge affair, and tied to the ends of the shafts of the harpoons. Many of these harpoons are stuck into a single whale and while they are much more to the monster than themselves, the animal is worried to death. He is unable to go under the water, for the sacks are like poisons and hold him up."

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"These Eskimos," continued Captain Porter, "are wonderful people. It is hard for a white man, particularly a Yankee, to understand them. They do not know what wealth is and they care nothing for it. They are, in their natural state, absolutely contented, take no thought of the morrow, and have no idea of the value of the things they will procure food one day and gorge themselves with it, but never lay by a supply for the morrow. On the morrow, and the morrow after that, if need be, they will go without food for days and even weeks, but they do not suffer from hunger. They can come nearer hibernating than any human beings I ever saw."

"THE NATIVES." "Before they have become contaminated by the white man they are kindly, good-tempered, gentle and sober. They rarely if ever fight or quarrel among themselves. Their wants are few and confined chiefly to food. Their ambitions are limited most exceedingly. They have nothing to quarrel about. The Eskimos' attitude of mind toward the qualities of the whites and few of the good qualities. They are fond of American whiskey—and who is not, eh?—and make an execrable article of their own out of flour and molasses. It is queer how even the most primitive of the human scale, manages to contrive an intoxicating drink."

"These Eskimos live on fat the year round, but they take mighty kindly to flour and other food of civilization. There is a tale told which they say the Eskimo found a white man, and he was never able to learn what it was, but I suppose they eat it as a vegetable, craving something of the sort like we white people. They have remarkable powers of endurance, being of course, used to the rigors of the cold. I do not doubt that if a white man will climate himself, he can beat them even at their own game. We always do beat the inferior races in everything when we go about it the right way. Those chaps are used to the rigors of the cold, but we got so used to it ourselves that we did not mind it, though, of course, we had to be very careful. It is the easiest thing in the world to get nipped by the cold and the next easiest thing is to freeze to death."

"PLAYED BASE-BALL." "We played base-ball up there with the Eskimos, and they were very good. I was whaling in that region I lost eight of my men. They froze to death in blizzards. A man will go out on a beautiful day, it may be only a short distance from camp. With a good wind of any kind and a sudden thought, a terrific blizzard will spring up and the man will freeze to death perhaps within a few minutes. He has an infinite desire to sit down and rest. If he does, he is gone. He simply drops into a peaceful sleep from which he never awakens. One of my men was frozen to death within a mile of camp. When we found him, he was in a sitting posture, with his arms crossed and his head bowed, a smile upon his face, looking for all the world as if he were asleep. He had just dropped off before we could straighten him enough to put him in a coffin."

"The Eskimos are a most illogical folk. As a matter of fact, they do not know the meaning of logic. They are a people of few ideas and fewer words. Their language is limited remarkably. They will have one word that will stand for a hundred things. For instance, a vessel

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CLEANED ABOUT AFTON.

A Big Fox Hunt Greatly Enjoyed—Hotel Overcrowded.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) AFTON, VA., August 9.—The much longed-for summer rains, which have fallen in the past two weeks, have given a fresher green to lawn and shrubbery about Afton, making an already beautiful spot more beautiful still, and adding a freshness to the morning atmosphere, which is always dry and healthful at Afton.

On Monday a party of fox hunters, led by Mr. James R. Goodloe and Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, went to Sherando, where was held one of the finest fox hunts in many years. The hunters remained over until Thursday morning, coming back weary but enthusiastic. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hughes at their home in Augusta. Among the younger men were Messrs. Henry Hotchkiss, Charles A. Bargamin, of Richmond; W. H. Lang, of Norfolk; Charles Hawthorne, of Richmond. The other experienced hunters, who thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the hunt were Mr. James R. Goodloe, Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, Mr. W. H. Lang, W. Lipscomb, of Charlottesville, who has won the most horses in Virginia; Col. one of the president of the National Hunt-ers' Association; Mr. Mico, of Washington, and H. K. Hawthorne. The hounds were in fine shape and did credit to their owners.

It has taxed the proprietor of the Afton house this month to accommodate the many guests who have crowded to this popular resort, several having in the past few days been obliged to find board elsewhere. Parlor, ball-room and every available space have been turned into bed-rooms.

Among the arrivals since the last writing are: J. M. Currin, Mrs. J. M. Currin, Misses Currin, Oxford, N. C.; Miss Chalk, Richmond; John M. Gibbs and wife, Norfolk; J. B. Bruner, R. S. Moseley, Richmond; C. S. Blakey, Richmond; W. A. Dabney, Richmond; C. S. Blake